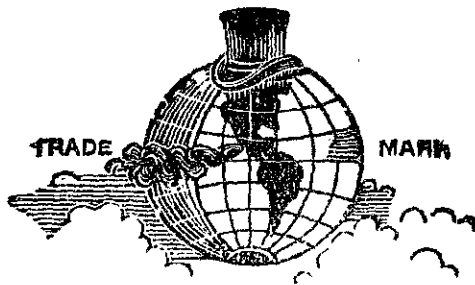


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# The Tech.

VOL. IX.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 10, 1889.

NO. 1.

## THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

### BOARD OF EDITORS

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IN the midst of handshakings and the general commotion attendant upon the opening of an Institute year, Vol. IX. of THE TECH sends out its initial number to the student world. For what THE TECH has been in the past, praise or pardon us

as you deem proper; and for what of merit we hope to attain in the future, deal kindly with us to-day.

Because of various reasons our editorial staff is at present small, so let this fact cover up our present faults in the hope of better things to come.

We, the students, for whom Technology lives, and to whom she owes much of her success to-day, as we rejoice at the general fitness of things are apt to forget those particular obligations due our college organ. In order that this paper be representative it must have a large Board of Editors, and be contributed to by the students in general. Therefore, men of the Institute, favor us with your pens

as you do with your purses, and help us to attain that excellence in the future which has been our ideal in the past.

To those of you to whom we are indebted for contributions heretofore, we return many thanks; and to you who have denied us such favors we look for better things in the time to come. And to you, O Freshmen, whose embryonic muse has not been stirred to deeds of horror by our wild appeals, bear with us as have your predecessors, and contribute to our columns. The lot of an Editor of THE TECH is far from unpleasant, and has been judged in days gone by as enviable and lucrative, and to-day this honor is awaiting him among you who shows enough of literary ability to win it. Because this subject seems of pressing importance we have placed it thus conspicuously. Should you not find it of sufficient interest, we trust that elsewhere in our columns there may be things more readable.

PRESIDENT HARRISON and the members of his Cabinet have returned to Washington, the retail dry goods clerk feels poor after his two weeks' vacation, the society people of the Back Bay have left their cottages at Lenox for their city dwellings on the "Avenue," the policeman on our beat has exchanged his gray helmet for a black one, and the electric lights begin to twinkle earlier than they did two months ago.

All the above occurrences, together with a crowd of sun-burned students gathered in the corridor of old Rogers, tell us that summer has waned, that autumn and the football season are here, and that winter is not far distant. The majority of us, either just from home or our summer's work, are full of good resolutions as to the studying to be done this

year, and we have agreed with our intimates that "we won't waste as much time this year as we did last." To others, the prospect of a hard year's work at the Institute after a four months cruise of pleasure is not so inviting. We all will get down to work one way or another, and for the first month, at least, will do our level best,—especially the Freshmen.

THE pandemonium of the first few days is over; it is no longer necessary to elbow one's way through Rogers corridor and the Institute has settled to its usual working basis. Wherever one goes, however, he meets a Freshman. Ninety-three seems to be omnipresent. Thus far it has the nearest right to be so, for it comes to Tech. with the largest number that has ever entered here. THE TECH expects great things of '93. Of the expectations in the regular line, recitations and lectures, we have already hinted enough. It is the additional claims of football, of general athletics, and of literary work, that THE TECH wishes to emphasize. We look to each incoming class to continue and to better, according to its abilities, the work which has already been done in these lines. It is for them to decide, as a class and individually, whether they will aid in this advance, or, by withholding their interest and co-operation, invite retrogression from the records already attained. It seems that there can be but one choice when, in pursuing the advantage of the class, the credit of all Tech. is enhanced. The success of a class must be measured by the result of its exertions for the Institute as a whole.

NINETY-TWO and Ninety-three have done well in not inaugurating the melees and rushes in the corridors of Rogers which have brought some former classes into disfavor. The Faculty does not discriminate

between the classes in this matter, and any transgression is liable to be visited upon Tech. men as a whole. Let the first year men reserve their boisterousness until the opportunity is presented later in the season of meeting their traditional opponents on the football field, when the encouragement of their team will call for as much energy as they may wish to expend. If on that occasion the flush of victory or the desperation of defeat leads '93 to have it out with the Sophomores in a rush, they will find a way to repay themselves for their long forbearance in confounding the air of superiority supposed by them to be usurped by '92.

THE football team had its first practice last week, and not a few of their admirers turned out to see what would be the outlook for this year. As to numbers the practice was certainly gratifying. Only four of last year's team were on the field, however, and Hamilton, who was elected captain last spring, will not be able to play, thus greatly crippling the team. As for the new candidates they are very light. Technology has always had a comparatively undersized eleven; but this year, from the present appearances, it will be much lighter than usual. This is deplorable, as Dartmouth is reported to have a rush-line averaging 180 pounds.

There is no real reason why Tech. should have such a light team, for among our 900 students there are plenty of men who are heavy,—that is, 175 to 180 pounds; and why will they not practice? Stand in Rogers corridor on any morning and you see plenty of heavy men,—there are quite a number among the Freshmen,—and all they want is a little coaxing; but the management cannot do this to all, so the men must pat themselves on the back and make a trial. No harm can be done, and whether everyone succeeds or not, a good team will be the result and all will receive credit for their attempts.

NOW that football practice has begun in good earnest, it is time for the candidates for the Sophomore and Freshmen teams to get to work. The classes should each elect an advisory committee, whose duty it will be to make all necessary arrangements for the game; and such committees could aid their respective captains in getting the men to practice, and in making the selections of the teams.

In former years the candidates put in an appearance on the field about a week before the game; consequently the elevens have been in poor condition. This year there is no reason why the teams should not get to work now, and a good game would be the result.

Let some energetic man in each of the classes push this idea through, and it will not only aid the classes, but also the Institute eleven, for it puts more men in the field and develops new material. On the present practice field there is no danger of the teams interfering with each other.

ON another page of the present issue will be found an account of the progress of work on the new building. Not the structure heretofore designated on examination schedules and other pleasing reading matter which the source of our knowledge favors us by issuing as N. B., but the new new building; that is, the one that is now building, and that is newer than the one which is not as new as the one which is newer than the other; all of which is very confusing, and THE TECH would very much like to know what is going to be done about it. For the past three years the Editors of this paper have spent long and weary hours in trying to invent a name for the structure heretofore designated N. B., which would be acceptable to the Faculty. The favor with which our efforts have been received has been far from flattering to either ourselves or our supporters. Our suggestions approximately cover every family name in the English lan-

guage except Smith, Jones, Brown, Munroe, and a few others, and sooner or later one of them will, of necessity, meet the approval of Technology's executive head; otherwise some Freshman who has been sent to the New M. E. Lab., will be waltzing into the Margaret Cheney reading room,—and then there will be a commotion that will stir even such an august assembly as a Faculty to prompt and decided action!

THE league baseball season has closed, and the nine gentlemen representing the interests of the national game for Boston have landed just far enough in the rear to allow of all wagers on their success being gracefully paid over. Several Tech. men were in town early enough to witness the closing series on the home grounds, and many of them trained their mathematical faculties preparatory to condition examinations by attempting to keep full scores of the contests.

Whether or not they were subsequently euchred by putting down runs and put-outs on their examination papers, is probably not recorded. We believe that most of us are foxy enough to distinguish between a double play and an integration sign; though when one comes to explain the difference between some thermodynamic hieroglyphics and the score-card symbol for a two-base hit, he must draw some very close distinctions. The football management have secured these same league grounds for all of our games, and our rushers are to fall on the same turf from which the mighty Kelly made his many witty repartees to the occupants of the bleaching boards. If you lost on baseball yell your anger at our opponents; they will probably be the same fellows that won your ducats. If you grew rich from your wagers support Technology's eleven. If you did not gamble either way, pass the money which you might have lost, over to the gentlemen soliciting subscriptions for the team, and all will be forgiven.





THE people of the town of New Epsom, or what is approximately the same thing in the records of the census, the owners and employees of the New Epsom Mills, looked upon Mag as crazy. The owners, the superintendent, and the bosses recognized that she was the most diligent and skillful worker they could hire for her pay, and so they employed her; and while the operatives would not acknowledge that a lunatic could do more or better work than they themselves, still, they regarded her as a mild and harmless imbecile, and so did not boycott her.

Therefore she lived.

If either of these states of affairs had been different, she probably could not have survived for any great length of time; for New Epsom was located for the advantage of its water-power alone, possessing no other imaginable attraction, and being so far isolated from civilization that, had Mag been banished from the town by being discharged from the mills, she would probably have died in attempting to reach another resting-place. People had said when the New Epsom Mills were built, that the proprietors of the scheme had a mild form of the disease attributed to Mag, in putting up their buildings in such a disadvantageous place; but public opinion was proved wrong, and these same fathers of New Epsom had flourished financially notwithstand-

ing the cost incumbent upon the transportation of their wares. Mag had been there since the mills had started, twelve years before, coming from nobody could say where, because no one had taken the trouble to find out, and of apparently no particular nationality; for while the face was as typically American (which is certainly a vague type, to say the least) as anything else, her Yankee "yeous" were changed to Irish "yez," and her form of dialect was entirely original with herself.

The town was, of course, an unnatural community, with its absence of forms, its sameness of occupation, its confusion of nationalities, and its many men and few women; but it prospered after a way, because the mills did, and Mag prospered with it in her way. She could hardly be said to have been in demand, as were all the other women in the place, for during her twelve years' sojourn she had received nothing but jeers from the entire population, with perhaps an occasional nod or grunt from some kinder-hearted inhabitant. The men, evidently, did not think her of sufficient beauty of figure or face to recompense the homeliness of her mind. Her sunken cheeks and eyes, prominent cheek bones, tall, scrawny figure, and generally unkempt appearance were certainly not attractive, and so the commoner mill hands called her "Crazy Mag," the more elegant, "Insanity Mag," and

she went back and forth every day from the mills to her house on the river-bank mumbling her guttural nothings, with a mongrel cur, her only companion in life, sneaking his rheumaticy way at her heels. This latter nonentity had been variously styled "Frowser," "Hilarity," "Him," and "Crazy's purp," during different periods of his existence, and was quite as well known and as little thought of throughout the settlement as Mag herself. The latter name was his most familiar title; and though his early history was shaded in even a darker gloom than that of his mistress, no one had ever supposed him complimented by any of the appellations commonly given to the canine race.

He evidently got along quite as well without a name; and knowing Mag and her vagaries as well as he did, and being somewhat of a freak himself, he seemed to bear evidence, from the stump of his apologetic tail up through his gouty legs and the curly, sand-colored hair of his small body to the top of his unshapely head, that any attempt at an appropriate appellation symbolizing either his appearance or his qualities would be wholly unfruitful.

Mag's monomania was religion, which was the worst topic she could have chosen to popularize herself in New Epsom; and perhaps it was quite as much the subject of her talk, as the unsoundness of her ideas, that made every one avoid her, and forced her to explain and propound all her wanderings to her only harmonious companion, the purp. He did not mind this, however, any more than his nonentity, and stuck by Mag, week in and week out, through the winters and summers of her life. He knew her better than the rest, and appreciative of the general ignorance in regard to her, passed over the fact that her arms and neck were bony, her face and expression as meaningless as her gray-black hair was thin, and reconciled himself with the knowledge that whenever there was an extra bit for dinner, he would have his share of it, and that as long as Mag could work and earn

her wages, he would never want. Then they were wholly in harmony; Mag was forever talking, and would obligingly carry on the conversation for both of them, while the purp never showed the slightest sign of desiring to speak, except in the neighborhood of the meal-hour. If, perhaps, he was a trifle impolite, and would go to sleep under the stove and thaw out his joints when he should have paid more attention to his side of the argument, at other times he would sit gazing at her from the watery depths of his eyes for hours, wrapped in the closest attention.

Moreover, neither of them made any codfish pretensions to aristocracy. The purp could probably have claimed descent from everything in the canine race; but as Mag never spoke of her family, he maintained his usual discreet silence, and left this and the delicate subject of their respective ages wholly undiscussed.

So they lived together quite as proper companions as imaginable, returning from the mill each night, dining together with as much luxury as finances would permit; and when the inner woman and the inner dog were supposed to be satisfied, Mag would clear away the dishes and arrange all in homelike fashion, after which the dog would comfortably establish himself, and she would either try to decipher some book, or hold forth to him on her great theme.

"It's when we're kilt an' gone that I'm tellin' y' bout," she would say, her dull eyes taking on some spark of brilliancy, and her gaunt arms outstretched in emphasizing her speech. "It's when we're kilt. After we're all done an' buried, an' gon' never t'come back no more. Where we ain't never called hags nor nothin', an' where we see ev'rybody wez ever knownt. Ev'rybody wez ever knownt; do y'hear that? Ev'rybody what we used t'know ever or ever and He, an' all an' ev'rybody's all there'n glory everlastin'! An' o' course yez don't know what I'm sayin' exac'ly, an' whether dogs is there er not I ain't in knowledge of; but it certain seems t'me thet they hought t'be, and

when I get yez there I'll show y' to 'em all as I knownt what's gon' befor."

After these harangues she would creep down by the purp and sit immovable and silent for a time, brooding over a past of which New Epsom had not known; and again she would grow stormy, and hold her debate for a longer time, and sometimes beat or bruise herself upon the furniture until the barking of the dog would recall her to herself, and she would grow more quiet.

Sundays they walked together up the river's bank, beyond the great half-natural dam over which the water fell, thundering its way down toward the mills, and Mag would explain in her disjointed way the story of the world's beginning, adding to it inventions of her own diseased imagination. The purp enjoyed these walks, especially in summer, and would try to take on some semblance of youth by running from side to side, or wandering a little away from her instead of plodding along in her footsteps, as was his usual custom.

One afternoon in August they came to the upper shores of the pond formed by the dam, and stopped to rest in the shadows of an oak that grew upon the bank. The day was warm, and the purp essayed to show the water instinct of a portion of his breed by paddling around near the shore, and drinking of the water as he swam. Mag sat under the tree looking out across the pond, and regarding the dog's attempts at aquatic gymnastics, till the drowsiness of the day and the scene induced her to lie full length upon the grass, and give herself up to sleepy musings of her accustomed soliloquy. Seeing that his manœuvres were no longer appreciated by the only audience he could ever hope to interest in the subject, the dog gave up the exhibition, and dragging his wet carcass up the shore proceeded to sprinkle most of the immediate vicinity, including Mag, in his efforts to imitate a water-dog shaking his coat, and meeting with fairly good success considering his lack of joints. He established himself near his mistress, and indulged in the

occupation of snapping at the flies and other insects that pestered him.

Mag took the shower-bath with the same silent indifference that she did all bad treatment, and realizing that water would not have particularly harmful effect on any of her garments, continued in her train of unreasonable reasoning.

Her head rested on her outstretched arm, and the thin snarls of her hair made a scanty background for her homely face as she remained stretched out on the grass, gazing with half-closed eyes at the opposite shore. Except the muffled roar of the falls and an occasional louder snap from the animated fly-trap beside her, there was no noise to disturb her rest, and she soon gave up to the surrounding influences and fell into a quiet sleep. The animation produced in the purp by the unaccustomed bath having been exhausted in his game pursuit, he curled himself up to dry in a spot where the sun shone through the tree, and alternated between being apparently sound asleep and looking up with wide-open eyes to see if Mag were still near him and the rest of the world going on correctly. The sun sank down behind the tree, but Mag slept on. Its sinking forced the dog to several changes of position in order to keep in his sun-spot, until at last, being hopelessly distanced in the race, he ignored its motion altogether, and gave himself up to silent meditation, broken by an occasional sneeze.

Some of the village children passed by them to a boat on the river, and wishing to show their appreciation of the general esteem in which Mag and her dog were held, they gathered some stones from the beach as they started and threw them back at the pair by way of farewell. In general, when receiving this kind of an ovation, the purp had found it expedient to use his utmost speed in the opposite direction; but on this occasion he realized that not only his own welfare but that of the person to whom he owed the past ten years of his existence was at stake. Hence he assumed



all the fury of which he was capable, and made a great amount of noise, with the joint idea of terrifying the children and arousing his mistress. It was in the middle of the afternoon when Mag fell asleep, and being awakened suddenly by the commotion, the approaching twilight, the barking of the dog, the children in the boat, and the roar of the falls, which seemed so near in the still evening air, all came upon her at once, and her faculties, like everybody's else, were not the sharpest after a nap. She thought the children were in danger, and without even realizing the treatment she had received at their hands, she ran to where another boat was moored, and hastily casting it off pushed out after them, leaving the purp still barking on the shore. "Holt on, childers; I'm a'comin'!" she cried, using a seat of the boat for lack of oars, and starting to paddle toward them; but the children, even if they heard her, thought only of their deserved punishment, and pulled with all their strength out of the central current of the narrow pond and away from her.

With Mag, however, things did not fare so well, for she no sooner reached the edge of the swift water than the boat swung toward the falls and carried her down the river. She had nothing but a narrow board to work with, the boat was heavy, the current strong, and Mag was not used to boats.

She looked toward the children, who began to scream in fear for her, and saw that they seemed quite safe in the quiet water; and then ahead to where the mist-clouds rose from the foot of the falls, and the water surged and foamed against the rocky sides before taking its downward plunge.

Then, for the first time fully realizing her own danger, she attempted to regain the shore she had left; but despite her efforts the boat sped on, whirling about in the eddies and carrying her toward the falls. A ledge of rocks projected into the river below, and looking ahead she saw the purp standing there awaiting her coming. He barked loudly as the

boat drew near, and a side current sweeping it in shore, Mag dropped her paddle and instinctively picked up an end of the painter and threw it toward him. It caught on the corner of a rock, held for an instant, and before it was drawn away the dog seized it.

"Holt it, me darlin', holt it!" cried Mag; and as if to show that he had understood her language all along, the purp clinched the rope more firmly in his poor old teeth and waited for the boat's power to be measured against his own. Had he been of better breed, or had he associated with more reasonable company during his life, he would have seen the futility of the attempt; but he was only a cur, and "Crazy's purp" at that, so he maintained his grip, and was dragged over the rocks into the water.

It was all very sudden, from the time Mag started in her attempt to help the children until she drew the dog into the boat with her, and stood folding his bleeding body in her arms, his teeth still closed upon the rope's end. The falls and death were before her, and she was insane.

"God grant us life everlastin',—the dog and me," she said, raising her face toward heaven with a light shining from her sunken eyes more eloquent in faith than could be judged the mad glare of a lunatic: and then, still holding the dog, she was swept over the dark, sharp line of swiftly-moving water that marked her passage from life to eternity.

The children ran to their fathers and told the story of her death, and their fathers talked with other men who had found her poor, bruised body on the rocks below. It became the general subject of conversation throughout the village, and New Epsom, from the depths of its infinite charity and its fit sense of strict justice, came to the conclusion that she had attempted to murder the children, and therefore fully merited her fate. As to the purp, one could not waste one's time in thoughts of such an animal.

But Mag and her dog during their lives had

never feared the judgments of New Epsom, nor recognized its verdicts as either just or proper. Mag herself had looked to a higher power to judge her doings, and had never doubted its justice or its mercy. Will this tribunal recognize the purp?

### The New Building.

IN the opening of the new college year appear many bright prospects, and among them none are better than those presented by our new building, which, though specially designed for the Civil and Mechanical courses, will, in a greater or less degree, benefit all the others by allowing them an extension of room.

Though we cannot at present give any details of construction or finish, owing to the present condition of the building, we hope to do so later, and will confine ourselves to a brief description of it and the purposes for which it is intended.

It is situated opposite the extension of the Museum of Fine Arts, close to that centre of learning, Copley Square. The building is 148 x 52 feet, with five stories and a basement, and is built to the greatest height allowed by the fire limit. There is abundance of light on every side. The street is in the front; on the south side there are no buildings, nor are there ever likely to be any to materially cut off the light, as seventy feet of land is owned on that side by the Corporation; in the rear, the Winslow Rink is so low as to do no injury; while on the north we are equally fortunate, since ten feet on either side of the alley which runs there will never be built upon, the Institute binding itself thereto with the owners of the opposite side. We may consider ourselves extremely fortunate in light and in location, for it would be difficult to place this building any nearer the other two.

The structure is of brick, with almost no external ornament except a single band of freestone at the first story. The entrance is on the north side, some little distance back from the street, on the first story, reached by

a flight of steps from the alley. It corresponds with the rest of the building, being very small and very plain, with no porch. It opens directly on the stair-well, which occupies but a small portion of each story, extending to the roof, and bricked in with fire-brick. A winding-stair, as in Rogers, leads to the basement, while on the south side, a turret, the only break besides the front door in the evenness of the building, affords, by its staircase, a second means of passage from story to story, as well as safety in case of fire. One other prominent feature of the structure in its present state, is the number of ventilating shafts, of which there is a very large number.

The building is very strongly made. The brick walls are very thick. A row of heavy iron pillars down the centre of each story narrows the span to  $22\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The beam centres are 8 feet apart, the beams themselves being made, in the two lower stories, of two others, each 11 x 18 inches, bolted together. The size of the beams decreases as we go up, till at the roof they are about 6 x 15. The floors are thick in proportion to the beams, being 4 inches at the basement and first floor, exclusive of the planking for the finish. The roof is also of heavy material, with a slight slope of two inches to the foot. The strength of the materials, the heavy beams and pillars, with the thickness of the walls, show the extraordinary capabilities of the structure, which is intended not only for solidity, but also for rigidity, to insure accurate measurements in delicate experiments.

The  $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet of height in the basement give ample room for the engines to be placed there. A new triple expansion engine of 150 horsepower is now building, with elaborate and expensive hydraulic apparatus. The basement and first floor are to be devoted to the study of Mechanical Engineering and applied Mechanics, and will contain a great deal of apparatus. The second and third floors contain the library and the drawing and recitation rooms

of the Mechanical Engineering Department, with a general engineering library on the third floor for the use of Courses I. and II. The Civil Engineering Department has the fourth and fifth floors. To avoid the loss of valuable time it is hoped to have in the building, and the arrangement may be effected this year, a language recitation room.

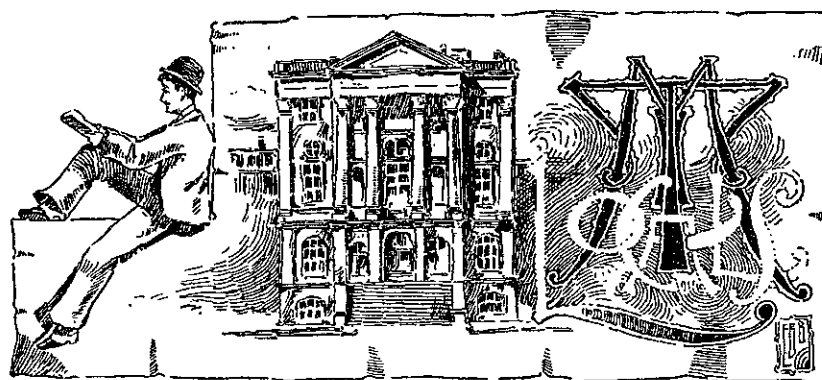
It is expected to have the building completed within four weeks of the time of writing this article, and classes will most certainly be in by November 1st. The transfer of machinery will be gradual, and will not be completed before the second term, when, however, the building will be fully occupied. This almost complete removal of Courses I. and II. from the two old buildings will greatly relieve the remaining departments and facilitate work in a very appreciable way, and is therefore to be effected as soon as possible.

This article is of necessity brief and incomplete; but we expect to be able, in a later issue, to give a full description of the building, its engines, apparatus, and the disposition of the rooms, together with a few illustrations, including, if possible, the plans.

In No. 16 of the last volume of THE TECH we published a pen and ink perspective sketch, which gives a very good idea of the general appearance of the structure. Copies of this picture can be obtained at THE TECH office.

### Verdancy.

When Nature smiles at summer tiles,  
When nights grow cold, and days grow short,  
From hearts and homes the Freshman comes,  
With all the ardor of his sort.  
When all below is white with snow,  
And ulsters deck the manly torso,  
He feels his worth to own the earth,  
Still overfresh, and rather more so.  
When frost and thaw is Boston's law,  
And gums and mackintoshes thrive,  
If semies spare such tender ware,  
He is the freshest man alive.  
And when at last a year has passed,—  
All unsubdued and unsuppressed,—  
He takes the floor a Sophomore,  
His freshness cannot be expressed.



The chapel is open for business.

Mr. W. J. Dore, '90, is studying at Oxford, Eng.

"Technique" will be published about December 15th.

The Freshman battalion will probably be made up of five companies this year.

Mr. Otto Germer, Jr., '91, has been elected captain of the eleven, in place of E. L. Hamilton, resigned.

The Cycling Club has decided to challenge Harvard again for another road race, to occur as soon as possible.

Mr. F. C. Blanchard, '91, has been elected business manager of "Technique," *pro tem*, in place of Mr. Coggin, who will not be at Tech. this year.

An article by Professor Dewey appears in the *New England Magazine*. The design on the outside cover of this publication is by THE TECH's artistic editor, Mr. E. B. Bird.

Five dollars will be awarded by "Technique" to the Tech. man, not on the editorial board, who sends in the six best grinds before November 1st. Put them in the "Technique" box in Rogers corridor.

In order that THE TECH may be obtained at other times than when this office is open, arrangements have been made with A. D. MacLachlan & Co., 214 Clarendon Street, to keep THE TECH on sale. Subscriptions to the paper will also be received at the same store.

THE TECH would be pleased to have the secretaries of the various clubs and social organizations of the Institute contribute to its columns any items of general interest regard-

ing their respective associations that they may deem proper for publication.

In commemoration of the long and faithful services of the Hon. John Cummings, recently resigned from the position of Treasurer to the Corporation, the Mining and Metallurgical Laboratories are to be named the Cummings Laboratories. Mr. Lewis William Tappan, Jr., is at present the treasurer and secretary of the Corporation.

NOTICE.—THE TECH wishes to complete its files of "Technique." Those wishing to dispose of copies of the '89 and '90 "Techniques" please apply to Allen French. Three numbers of each issue wanted if possible. Numbers of the '86 and '87 "Techniques" offered in exchange for them.

Believing that the annual Freshman joke is now about due, we have carefully prepared the following, which we hope will meet with approval from '92, and everybody else concerned: A benighted, uncultured, ignorant, poverty-stricken Freshman passed a wise, wealthy, aristocratic, and fine-looking Sophomore in Rogers corridor, and pushing his face through the hole in the cage, said, "Please, Missus, how much are de humbrellas?" If any one is dissatisfied with the amount of true wit discernible in the foregoing, they can take their choice of several hundred contributions on a similar subject which are now serving to render this office decidedly business-like in and about the waste-basket.

The regular fall convention of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association was held at the Hotel Warwick, Springfield, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, October 2d. Delegates were present from Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Stevens, and M. I. T. Technology was represented by Mr. E. L. Hamilton, captain of the eleven, Mr. H. M. Waite, manager of the team, and Mr. W. H. Merrill, Jr., President of the Intercollegiate Association. Last year's rules were adopted with some few changes; the constitution was

amended so as to provide for both a referee and umpire at all league games, and the second league meeting was changed from the first Wednesday to the second Friday of December; after which the following schedule of games was arranged for the coming season:—

October 26th, Tech. *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst.

October 30th, Tech. *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover.

November 2d, Dartmouth *vs.* Tech., at Boston.

November 9th, Williams *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst.

November 9th, Stevens *vs.* Tech., at Boston.

November 16th, Tech. *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown.

November 20th, Stevens *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst.

November 23d, Williams *vs.* Dartmouth, at Springfield.

November 25th, Williams *vs.* Stevens, at Hoboken.

November 27th, Dartmouth *vs.* Stevens, at Hoboken.

The Dartmouth delegates accepted this schedule, subject to the approval of the Dartmouth College Football Association.

It is also probable that the Amherst-Stevens game will be played at Hoboken rather than at Amherst; and the Tech.-Amherst game, scheduled for October 26th, may be postponed till the last of November, and perhaps be played in Boston.

#### What '89 Men are Doing.

EDWARD J. BEACH, V., Dubuque, Ia., with James Beach.

WILLARD G. BIXBY, II., Salem, Mass., assistant in Mechanical Engineering, Mass. Inst. Tech.

ZENAS W. BLISS, II., Providence, R. I., with U. S. Geological Survey.

FREDERICK W. BRADLEY, VI., New York, N. Y., constructing engineer, United Edison Manufacturing Co.

FREDERICK H. BRAINERD, III., Chicago, Illinois, in laboratory of the Union Steel Works.

LUTHER W. BRIDGES, II., Warren, Mass., draughtsman, with Knowles Pump Co.

JOSEPH N. BULKLEY, VI., Boston, Mass., with Wright Electric Co.

FRANK H. CILLEY, I., Boston, Mass., assistant in Civil Engineering, Mass. Inst. Tech.

HARRY A. CRAIGIN, II., Boston, Mass., U. S. Geological Survey.

ROLAND H. CUTTER, I., Helena, Mon., draughtsman, Northern Pacific and Montana R. R.

FRANK L. DAME, VI., Pittsburg, Penn., with Westinghouse Electric Co.

WILLIAM S. DAVENPORT, V., Boston, Mass., assistant in General Chemistry, Mass. Inst. Tech.

ARTHUR L. DAVIS, II., Boston, Mass., student, Mass. Inst. Tech.

HARRISON G. DYAR, V., Rhinebeck, N. Y., entomologist.

ARTHUR V. EDWARDS, IV., Milton, Mass., draughtsman with Brigham & Spofford, architects.

JONATHAN P. B. FISKE, IV., Auburndale, Mass., with Thomson-Houston Motor Co., Lynn, Mass.

ALFRED W. FRENCH, I., Boston, Mass., with E. A. Burs, civil and mill engineer.

JAMES P. GILBERT, V., Boston, Mass., private assistant to Professor Drown, Mass. Inst. Tech.

BENJAMIN W. GUPPY, I., Jamaica Plain, Mass., assistant engineer, Boston and Maine R. R.

HENRY M. HOBART, VI., Boston, Mass., with Thomson-Houston Electric Co.

FRANKLIN W. HOBBS, II., Brookline, Mass., assistant in Mechanical Engineering, Mass. Inst. Tech.

RICHARD HOOKER, IV., Boston, Mass., draughtsman, with Longfellow, Alden & Harlow.

FREDERICK L. HOPKINS, V., Providence, R. I., with Silver Spring Bleaching and Dyeing Co.

HENRY H. HUNT, VI., Melrose, Mass., with Thomson-Houston Electric Co.

LEWIS E. JOHNSON, II., Boston, Mass., draughtsman, Smead Warming and Ventilating Co.

WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, I., Lowell, Mass., with proprietors of Locks and Canals on the Merrimac River.

WALTER H. KILHAM, IV., Boston, Mass., Instructor in Architecture, Mass. Inst. Tech.

LEWIS H. KUNHARDT, II., Melrose, Mass., assistant in Mechanical Engineering, Mass. Inst. Tech.

GEORGE B. LAUDER, VI., with the Mann Construction Company.

FRANK A. LAWS, VI., Boston, Mass., assistant in Physics, Mass. Inst. Tech.

WILLIAM W. LEWIS, II., Hyde Park, Mass., with Percy M. Blake, civil engineer.

HARRISON LORING, JR., II., South Boston, Mass., with Harrison Loring, City Point Works, South Boston.

CHAS. W. POWER, VI., Pittsfield, Mass., with the Pittsfield Ill. Co.

FRED. W. RANNO, I., Pittsburg, Pa., assistant Engineer, P. C. & St. L. R. R.

GEORGE W. ROUNDS, VI., Cambridge, Mass., Railway Department, Thomson-Houston Electric Co.

FRANK E. SANBORN, II., Roxbury, Mass., assistant in Mass. Inst. Tech.

ALBERT SAUVEUR, III., Steelton, Pa., with the Pennsylvania Steel Co.

WM. G. SNOW, II., Watertown, Mass., with B. F. Sturtevant, Jamaica Plain.

DELIA STICKNEY, V., Cambridgeport, Mass., instructor in Chemistry, Cambridge High School.

GEORGE G. STONE, III., Chicago, Ill., in chemical laboratory of Union Steel Co.

SANDFORD E. THOMPSON, I., Canatunk Falls, Maine, with Moosehead Pulp and Paper Co.

ARTHUR E. TRUESDELL, VI., Sioux City, South Dakota, with Sioux City Electric Co.

CHARLES H. WARNER, VI., Lynn, Mass., with Thomson-Houston Electric Co.

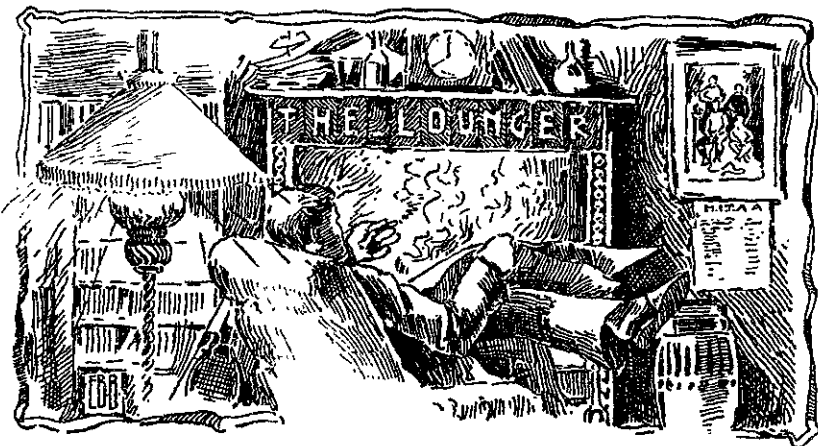
GEORGE C. WHIPPLE, I., Chelsea, Mass., assistant in Civil Engineering, Mass. Inst. Tech.

JASPER WHITING, III., Chicago, Ill., chemical laboratory of Union Works, Ill., Steel Co.

VICTOR WINDETT, II., Chicago, Ill., with Illinois Steel Co.

CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, VII., instructor in Physiology, Wellesley College.

WALTER G. WINCHETT, II., Dayton, Ohio, in shops of W. P. Callender & Co., Oil Mill Machinery.



BACK again to the same old walls, upheld by the same old pillars, with the same old round of grind and recite, and then grind again; Rogers corridor with the usual cowboy enthusiasm and extreme sociability displayed about the Faculty's bulletin-board, and the same amount of wear and tear on the old iron stairs, which appear in their customary suit of fall paint; Janitor John attending to the duties of his many official capacities, from making class sign-boards to guarding the keys to the big front doors; and the secretary's office forming itself into an encyclopedia of universal knowledge for the benefit of all inquiring minds. There is nothing new in the Institute world except '93 and the brick affair over there by the railroad. The Freshmen are a pretty good appearing crowd as a whole, and they certainly will be able to make up in quantity

whatever they at present lack in individual good qualities. There are considerably over three hundred of them; and as they assembled down in the shed for preliminary drill exercise, they looked motley enough formed into separate squads, without regard to size or anything in particular, with their grips and umbrellas in their hands, wearing all sorts, sizes, and styles of hats, everyone so different in dress and appearance, and all trying to hear the roll-call of their names amid the general hubbub of conversation. Every class has looked just like them, and it is these same fellows (or some of them, rather) that have made Technology what she is to-day. Ninety-three is all right, and will keep up her share of the Institute's fame. They must not forget one thing, though, and if they do remember this all of them will some day be Presidents of the country,—they should all subscribe to THE TECH.

Now that everyone is to begin the term by writing for THE TECH, the Lounger has attempted to help on this excellent state of affairs by resurrecting the rules of advice given to budding genius by former Editors of this paper. He has scanned back numbers of THE TECH, hauled over piles of unprinted manuscript, and from the conglomeration has selected the following, which he hopes will be of some material aid to those intending to push their pens for the benefit of their college organ. Listen to the words of wisdom.

1. Write on one side of the paper only.
2. Write plainly, and use pen and ink rather than pencil.
3. If you are writing locals or short squibs of any kind, make them brief and to the point. Do not spread a two-line news item over half a column.
4. Stories should be short enough to be published in one number; but if you have a plot which requires and deserves more space, spread it out to a moderate length, leaving break for continuation. The ordinary single-number story can cover from four to six pages.
5. No anonymous contributions will be published. All articles must bear the names of their authors, though not necessarily for publication.
6. All copy must be in at least a week previous to the issue of the number in which it is intended to appear, except in the case of news items; these will be accepted later.



7. All cartoons or other drawings should be made in perfectly black India ink on bristol-board or other fine-grained white paper. The original drawings should be fully twice the size they are intended to appear, and properly scaled, so that errors may be reduced to a minimum when the smaller reproduction is made.

8. Carefully punctuate all articles. Somebody else will have to if you do not.

With these directions the Lounger wishes everybody success in their literary endeavors. Whether it is possible to follow them all or not, go ahead and write something, just the same. THE TECH probably does not look to the attainment of a physical impossibility, for its Editors have taken altogether too many condition examinations in Polly Con to believe that a man can write on one side of a bristol-board with India ink when there is nothing but a stub pencil and the edge of a newspaper within his reach. The Lounger generally puts down his mental wanderings with a blue pencil on any kind of paper he can purloin. Sometimes they are published, and sometimes not. In either case he does his duty to the paper, and that is what THE TECH wishes from the students in general. Go ahead and write.

### College Notes.

Cornell opened Thursday, with over 1,200 students.

Phillips Exeter Academy began its 107th year Wednesday, September 18th.

It is expected that the total enrollment at Harvard this year will be over 2,100.

The college buildings at Trinity this year, for the first time in their history, are found insufficient to accommodate the whole body of students.

Andover has 303 students in attendance at present.

During the recent commencement season, the gifts to colleges and other educational institutions amounted to nearly \$3,000,000.

It is said that some unusual restrictions in athletics will be placed upon the Amherst students this year.



*Elsie* (who has been playing some dance music for the entertainment of Cousin Tom): "Do you play anything, Tom?"

*Cousin Tom* (from the West): "Only a little poker."

NO OBJECTIONS.

*Mr. Downy Lipp*: "Do you object to smoke, Miss Gertrude?"

*Miss Gertrude*: "Oh! I don't object to a cigar, or a pipe, or a kerosene lamp, or a tar-kettle. But why don't you light your cigarette, Mr. Lipp?"

*Downy Lipp*: "I'm afraid I haven't any match."

WHEN AND WHERE TO FIND THEM.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month on the eighth day of the week,

On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute, we'll find all things that we seek.

They are there in the limbo of Lollipop Lane,—a cloud-island resting in air,—

On the Nowhere side of the mountain of Mist in the valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the mountain of Mist in the valley of Overthere,

On a solid vapor foundation of cloud, are palaces grand and fair;

And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our hope will grow

On the Thitherward side of the hills of Hope in the hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the Thitherward side of the hills of Hope in the hamlet of Hocus Po,

We shall see all the things that we want to see, and know all we care to know;

For there the old men will never lament, the babies they never will squeak,

In the Cross-roads corners of Chaosville in the County of Hideangoseek.

In the Cross-roads corners of Chaosville in the County of Hideangoseek,

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month on the eighth day of the week,

We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish all that we try,

On the sunset shore of Sometimeoruther by the beautiful bay of Bimeby.



Tw'as in a place where the daisies grew,  
Lifting their heads to the summer dew.  
The day was soft, and lazy, and warm  
As June days are on a country farm.

He had just quitted the classic halls  
Of his *Alma Mater's* shadowing walls;  
She was then teaching a village school,  
And left her charge for the meadows cool.

Successfully past his Freshman year,  
In Soph'more state he was seated here;  
And she, from the depths of fond blue eyes,  
Gazed on his lordship in mild surprise.

He lit a match for his cigarette,  
And said to her, as their eyes had met,  
"I'll smoke a 'foolkiller,' by your leave;  
You don't object to them, I believe?"

"'Foolkillers' call you your cigarette?  
It's a funny name," she said,—“and yet,”  
And she looked up at him with eyes half closed,  
“You haven't smoked very many of those!”

A daisy nodded its golden head,  
The sun sank down as the day was dead,  
And ceased his hum had the busy bee,  
But the boy—oh! where—oh! where was he?

